The Porcelain Fawn

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/53182057.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Friends to Lovers, First Time, Resolved Sexual Tension, Will Graham as Living Art, Besotted Hannibal, Touch-Starved, Praise Kink, Hot Sex, Falling In Love, Mutual Pining, Obsession, Hannibal's love-panic, Pet Names, Mildly Dubious Consent, Drowsy Sex, Half-Awake then Awake, Rough Sex, Passion, Biting, Face Slapping, Hannibal Lecter's Very Active Cowper's Glands, Love Confessions, Dirty Talk, Virginity Kink, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Breeding, season 1 AU
Language:	English
Series:	Part 14 of What If
Stats:	Published: 2024-01-20 Words: 4,976 Chapters: 1/1

The Porcelain Fawn

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

Will falls asleep while visiting Hannibal one evening, and the good doctor carries his guest to bed, unable to resist watching him sleep. But when Will starts having one of his lusty nightmares, Hannibal can't hold his passionate obsession back any longer...

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hannibal wanted to sketch Will as one of his favorite sculptures, the rather infamous Barberini Faun. How could he not think of this? Look at Will, with his thoughtlessly devastating body and angelic, yet scruffy face. Those eyes, wide and blue, green and gray in a swirl of conflicted light and dark, both avoiding Hannibal's own curious amber-gold gaze and seeing right through his murderous therapist, somehow. In every shifting and undulating quirk, each insecure note of perfection unknowingly sung and strummed upon the most exquisite instrument, Will was unique.

The worst part was that apparently, the feelings of love that raged through Hannibal's heart were about *more* than Will's incomparable originality, his unpredictability, his capacity to be wonderfully kind and giving, and horrifically violent, brutal…monstrous.

All of these qualities would have, of course, sent Hannibal head over heels for the first – and likely the last (he wasn't sure he could ever bear to go through this again) – time in his fifty years on the planet. There was surely no need for him to also feel a simpler, homelier, warmer longing, a pang like a knife embedded too deep in his heart and soul to remove without bleeding out and losing all that he was.

He just wanted to be *near* Will and to spend time together. Hannibal did want to encourage and guide the boy's transformation into his glorious true self, did want to help the beautiful young man to shed his guilty apprehensions, but there were disturbing occasions, too frequently coming up of late, wherein…

Wherein Hannibal Lecter was all too happy to cook for a hungry, tired Will Graham. To sit and talk for hours without any planned topic, happy as could be in their domestic haven. *His own,* formerly solitary, domestic haven, that is. But in such moments, he imagined it was *their* home and Will, too, was his own to keep forever.

The ambience in his home study by night was comfortable and yet so on edge, or at least Hannibal was. Each time he relaxed into this remarkable sense of belonging with Will and saw the affection in sickly, trusting eyes, he *almost* crossed the line. There had been countless almost caresses, disguised at the last moment as an incidental bump or graze of the shoulder, the arm, or a friendly clasp of a face too dear and lovely not to hold as the treasure it was.

The Barberini Faun, Greek classical sculpture, lavishly carved in porcelain, which (as he had read) had been painstakingly restored to its Hellenistic clarity, was nothing compared to Will. And so, Hannibal could easily replace the statue with Will in his artistic minds eye, as if no art had ever existed before now. Hannibal was setting aside the idolatrous gods of his selfish existence and finding the one higher power he could be forever loyal and servile to.

One of the most challenging aspects of these evenings was not letting Will catch him staring across the small space between their cozy chairs, his eyes constantly desiring to take in every detail of Will, never satisfied. Too much was never enough.

His hands would seek out the grip of his favorite pencil and the satisfying, sweeping glide of smudged colors, shadows formed on stiff drawing paper. But he always had to create his romantic, deeply desirous Will Graham Tributes in secret. Or did he?

The only color that never changed was the raging flourish of hungry craving in those angel eyes of Will's, and this was the feeling where they were connected. Heart to heart, even if Will never found out how Hannibal felt, even if Hannibal managed to escape these frightening and disorienting romantic inclinations, that would always be true.

Hannibal was afraid he could be wrist-deep in Will's chest, removing his heart for dominating and alleviating consumption and still, that heart would beat on in his own chest. In picturing such an ending, he was intimately, terribly aware that he would be the one who felt empty, knowing that something irreplaceable had been stolen. His heart would stop the second that Will's eyes (that stirring gaze of temptation and flustered, faltering resistance) glazed over for the last time.

So the Chesapeake Ripper had envisioned a nude and reclining, seductive Will Graham, embodying a classic sculpture of an idealized ancient beauty, for weeks. The image haunted him with desire. But he finally lost his usual restraint on discussing such sensual secrets on one fateful evening when Will slept over at his house.

They had dinner together as friends, and then Will fell asleep mid-sentence while they had wine by the fireplace in Hannibal's quiet, dark study. Hannibal carried him to bed, but could not resist remaining by Will's side, hidden in the shadows.

He sat in a chair, close but too far from the bed for his sanity. And he told himself he was merely monitoring Will's health while the boy lay innocently sleeping (but never resting), as part of his ongoing assurance that the encephalitis was progressing but not threatening Will's life.

The facade of his own scheming couldn't convince Hannibal for long, not when Will predictably began to have nightmares that soaked him with sweat, the intimate, desperate sweetness of the fevered perspiration flowing from Will's luscious form, tormenting Hannibal's sensitive olfactory perceptions. The older man clutched his own knees as his mouth watered helplessly, craving Will's sweaty flesh on his palate, wanting to lick, bite and suck…

Will, in the throes of masochism and sadism in some hell dimension cultivated by his guilty and yet insufficient and waning conscience, was a vision to behold. Moonlight slipped over half of his handsome face, illuminating his strong jaw, full, often nervously over-bitten lips and the long lashes gently fluttering against his soft cheek. That was the only gentle quality of Will's present condition. The profiler was crying out softly in plaintive objection to the savage pleasures of the hunt playing out in his bone arena, and Hannibal *knew* without being told or seeing into his boy's remarkable mind.

He knew that in his dreams, Will became the killer he was born to be, and it was marvelous. He knew that Will would make some confused attempts to be "good," even while he slept, even while his own mind begged for relief from the "forts" that held his lies of moral decency, keeping them internally jailed. The bars on that prison were always bending a little further open to someday let the evil out when Will's guard was down, and Hannibal knew this better than the sound of his own heartbeat or his breaths in and out.

Hannibal's predicament worsened when Will's nightmare apparently took a more pointed turn into pained pleasure, the sweet agony which only a fellow monster could understand and share. Will's writhing, twisting form tantalized his therapist. Hannibal stared at his powerful, sweat-slicked biceps, the hard muscle tensing as his delicate, but strong hands clutched at the sheets…

His long legs were wide open, bent at strange angles, and his torso began to lift as his back arched. The head of wet, messy curls flew back on his pillow and Will's eyes visibly rolled up as well, beneath his fluttering lashes.

With an immediate burst of heady arousal, Hannibal noticed that Will's upward thrusting and rising gasps had a distinct pattern. Although he should simply take Will's vitals and leave, The Ripper once again forgot his own protective measures about his heart.

Moving to the bed, he grasped Will's forearm and leaned in to pour words hotly over Will's jaw and neck. "You're dreaming, Will."

Did his silken accent, now interfered with by a certain gritty, seductive undercurrent, echo in Will's dream-forest? Were they together in the dream, a reflection of reality, or was their intimacy more shameless in his slumbering fantasies?

"Hannibal," Will murmured more intensely, whining in conflicted sensations of need, want and insufficient little tastes of what he craved, fed to him in teasing morsels by his unconscious visions and ever-brilliant mind.

It must be an extraordinary war of nerves, blood and fear in those haunting dreams. Will's own subconscious dredging up the same secret desires which he so carefully smothered in his waking hours. It was a battle of the self that frustrated Hannibal by proxy. Will had somehow become *Hannibal's boy, to take care of, and Hannibal would not have him go on suffering like this.*

"Sweetheart..." Hannibal felt himself tilting slowly over the brink of insanity, losing his rationality.

He nosed gently up Will's jawline, barely grazing his lips there. He felt Will's stubble tickling his skin and raising goosebumps as his own need became excruciating. "So beautiful. If you only knew how I want you...to claim and possess you, teach you how to become your true self, tell you every awful secret in my rotten, but truly devoted heart. To...Will?"

Hannibal turned crimson, having assumed Will was asleep, which meant -- especially given his fever -- Will might hear him, but only within his distorted and ethics-free dream-realm. Instead, Will murmured as his eyes remained shut, "Am I dreaming, Hannibal? Then you should put your -- your hands on me, your mouth...oh, God…mmm…. *please?*"

Will kept rhythmically writhing and moaning on the bed, his gyrating hips and the clear lines of his gorgeous pectorals and stomach making Hannibal feel absolutely wild. As wild as any monster in Will's worst nightmares. As vulnerable as a man.

"My darling," Hannibal gasped, sliding his open palm slowly underneath Will's damp t-shirt, feeling his soft skin, the smoothness of his belly, the hard nipples pressing up through thin cotton to entice the nighttime voyeur.

"If it's a dream, k-" The younger man's fit, yet lithe body moved again, more chaotically and greedily seeking friction. "Kiss me?"

If he noticed how casually Hannibal had dispensed with his clothing and stripped him to his under-things, he didn't say a word.

Hannibal wondered if he was conscious enough to know where he was. His cock, thick and impressive, tented his boxer briefs, and the scent of his arousal began to blend into his feverish dream. With a foot in each world, sleep and wakefulness, he begged, "Kiss me and make me...yours. Don't you like this? Your hands on me...touching me..."

Will licked his lips and bit down on the lower one, only half-cutting off an aching moan. "Please…I…."

"I want nothing more than to tear you apart, Will Graham," Hannibal growled.

Hovering over Will, he became aware of worlds within himself and Will that could combine, infusing life with previously unseen, unfathomed new colors and sounds, tastes of blood and arousal, the harmonious slide of their blades upon human prey, their bodies against and in one another, writhing at the same slow, yet frantic pace Will was using.

"Are you awake?" Hannibal whispered, not knowing if he had it in him to stop touching and moving closer with his mouth, even if the boy remained unresponsive to such inquiry.

A sleeping Will would mistake himself for an awake one, as if the wild fantasies of his inner beast were truer than reality anyway (and perhaps they were, after all). And the question of consent would be murky at best. Hannibal's normally strong dislike about such intrusions was unfortunately beaten down to nothing at the sight of Will like this. And the sounds of his pleasured cries, the neediness of his hand running down his own chest to brush his thumb over a nipple, making his cock harden even more…Will was everything and the only thing Hannibal needed. There was no denying it now.

It was the soft press of hot, plush lips on his burning brow that roused Will at last, and he blinked groggily up at his therapist. Hannibal knew how he must look, from his mussed silvery hair to his ravenous, dark-red eyes, parted lips and gleaming, razor-sharp fangs. His own arousal was trapped painfully in his usual, pristine trousers, and he moaned in frustration when Will's eyes finally opened, yet Will did not push him off or demand any explanation.

He looked at Hannibal in besotted amazement, murmuring "I'm awake but still dreaming. Please don't leave me, don't run from this."

Hannibal shook his head as his breath quickened. He would never leave; he could no longer even *attempt* to evade this passion.

"I need you so much, Hannibal..." Will's gruff tone showed that he had regained enough clarity to feel embarrassed and anxious, even as he begged. "Do you need me?"

"More than life itself," Hannibal vowed, letting his weight slightly press down onto the smaller, but toned and virile form beneath him. How remarkable, that Will could be such an impressive specimen of a man and yet so entirely soft, pleading and ready to be be filled by Hannibal in so many ways. With sex, with Hannibal's hot seed marking him deep inside, with vast knowledge, taboo education and attentive guidance; with caretaking and a thousand nights of companionable silence, shy smiles and sweet surrenders. Then a thousand more, and that still would not be enough.

With an earthy sigh he crashed their mouths together, kissing Will with raw abandon as the agent surrounded him in groping, sweaty hands and beautiful legs that encircled him, gripping around his middle to make Hannibal grind into him. This primal call between them was exactly matched; their chemistry so overwhelming that it redefined everything Hannibal thought he had known about love, sex, and just how close two separate human beings could be. How they would join, blur, melt into one and never part again. Or so Hannibal dreamed, more ardently now than ever.

"Don't stop," Will begged.

Will's "composure" had slightly improved, but that was not saying much, considering this state of shaking, sweating, burning desire that still had him moaning as though a deep wound inside him was being cut into repeatedly. Hannibal gave him the rough, possessive pressure he'd craved so wantonly that the desire followed him from restless dream into the enfolding mystery of the living night.

Heat and sin radiated between them, so much that Hannibal both questioned if he was getting a fever too and wondered how Will could even summon the ability for such a lusty encounter. He must really want Hannibal. Oh, in the name of every God that might ever have existed to fool and thwart him, please let this be it.

If he could have this, Hannibal didn't know if he'd ever be able to complain much about life again…although he and Will would certainly share many a hunt together, all the same. Certain art-forms must not be neglected, merely because the artist's disposition takes an upturn to the optimistic.

Will was constantly pulling Hannibal down to put more weight on him, always leaning up with parted lips, moaning and digging his fingers into Hannibal's shirtfront. "Too much, get rid of it."

Hannibal normally disliked brusqueness but in this case, he happily forgot about that fact. Will could have whatever he demanded, even if he fussed and misbehaved, Hannibal's head was spinning. Sexual need swirled through him like a storm powerful enough to lay wreck to the perfectly calm and picturesque memory palace -- a place inside him which had been empty but for him all these years...this same ache vibrating through the walls, shaking his foundations, rumbling under the earth of his soul…

So he did as Will said, rapidly undoing his shirt and laughing coarsely as the younger man roughly yanked it off him, tossing it away like a hated enemy.

"What's so funny?" Will asked. He was awake now, completely, but still in that same sexily buzzed, foggy state of mind into which he'd so effortlessly tugged the older man.

He wrapped himself tightly around Hannibal again, savoring the taste and warmth of his bare upper body and the rustling, provocative slide of a broader, hairy chest against his smooth and more youthful one.

Moaning, he ground his hips up and brought their hardness together, then swore in anger at Hannibal's trousers. "How dare you have a belt on," he grumbled, "Thank fucking god your jacket and vest are wherever-you-left -them..."

He grinned in victory as he unbuckled Hannibal's belt after a brief struggle, grateful to say the least at the new absence of the metal and leather that had been biting right into his soft belly. Will's shirt was still shoved up where Hannibal had been pawing at him, showing his firm abs. As Hannibal's gaze darkened, he laughed again with a belated reply to Will's question. "Nothing is funny. I'm just...happy."

And Will nodded, blushing even more deeply, as if he understood.

"You *did* leave your vest and your perfect matching jacket behind you in the study, did you not, Dr. Lecter? When you carried me in here and laid me down, then lingered, watching… Biding your time..."

Hannibal wriggled out of his trousers and briefs like a drunk seventeen year old in the back of his first car, his body haphazardly holding down the most gorgeous creature in the whole universe.

Will grinned again, excited as Hannibal's big, strong hands now mercilessly tugged off his typically plain, gray boxer briefs. They kissed again, groaning loudly at the first fully naked glide of their erections flush together, slick with precum as their lust-tensed bodies were dotted with sweat. Will was soaked with it and he was bringing Hannibal right down into the very same delectable, hellish fever-state which Hannibal had unsuccessfully resisted for far, far too long…he would be dragged to hell with a smile on his face.

"Fuck," Will muttered as Hannibal ground into him expertly, then tried to peel Will's shirt off, grumbling in annoyance when the fabric was so stuck to Will's body that it got trapped under his arms.

This was mainly because Will couldn't stop reaching for, touching and caressing Hannibal.

And grabbing at him, a starving man presented with a feast better than any magnificent fare at the esteemed doctor's dinner table. Perhaps more delicious and desired because Will knew *he* was the feast this time. How unbelievably blissful, that Hannibal's hunger fed them both as he lashed it whip-like onto Will with harshly digging fingertips and bruising kisses on his stretched and offered neck, kisses that were bites and hard, agonizing sucks all at once.

Will had never even conceived that there could be a passion this intense, much less that he would ever be its obsessive prey. Hannibal finally, with a resentful curse in Italian, managed to get Will's shirt off, not without substantially ripping the pathetic, wet fabric.

The profiler put his face in his hands and laughed as his cock throbbed, leaking underneath the hot length and pressure of Hannibal's own manhood. And his neck ached, both with teeming pain from Hannibal's voracious, possessive biting and the need for more of it.

Giggling, he sighed and said as if he was drunk, "God, you're so desperate."

"Yes," Hannibal said with an evil smirk. He pinned Will down by his wrists and thrust against him harder, more deliberately, and every single time it raked wildfire and electricity up Will's spine. "You win, impossible, insanely beautiful boy, unreasonably perfect as you are. I hope you're happy, too."

"I'm *almost* happy," Will said with lustful petulance, and Hannibal gave him an even more threatening look, right before he moved fluidly down like an elegant jungle predator about to delicately gore his late-night victim.

He quickly reached his intended destination, Will's proud erection, bobbing at an almost absurd length and alertness. It would have been painful to look at, merely from sympathy, if Will had not made Hannibal feel exactly the same. Hannibal had never been this hard before either. So, instead of pitying, he blamed. And took it out on Will.

Will was still mewling in surprise at vicious bites on his soft, yet firm thighs when Hannibal took him almost root to tip down into his slick, hot mouth and throat.

"*Fuck,* Hannibal!" he said, his voice shattering like glass over each syllable, and Hannibal shoved his fingertips down into the bite marks on his thighs, immediately intensifying the pain that was still fresh. Will grabbed his hair in one hand and the pillow in the other as he started to move his hips again.

He was simply not used to having someone right there…a lover! With a skillful, adoring and dangerous mouth relentlessly taking him in perfect swallows, lapping swirls of a talented tongue, and fond, sloppy kisses every time his previously touch-starved body moved into the offered pleasure.

“You are as much a child of nature as any softly scheming, beguiling nymph in an ancient, enchanted forest. Your instincts are flawless, Will. You should follow your divine inspirations more often…”

Hannibal’s tone was husky with utter amazement.

The shock of this completely new twist in his sexual life story made Will come too fast and out of almost nowhere; Hannibal had still been holding back, which Will wouldn't learn until much later. It would be a long time before a mere two minutes of such treatment wouldn't make Will come down Hannibal's throat, fingers twisting and pulling his hair, a cry wrenched from his throat that both resembled and was far more beautiful than the most horrified and pain-addled Ripper victim, when Hannibal was in the middle of dissecting them alive.

Instead of slicing through skin and muscle and razing down bones to casually pluck out his vengeful future repast, Hannibal gave his own heart, feeling how it pounded against Will's own as he slid back up the bed and they kissed. Will had never in his life slept with anyone who would let him kiss them after they had just gone down on him.

He couldn't believe Hannibal was not rushing to the bathroom for mouthwash, leaving him in a confused afterglow that waned too soon in half-shame at the imposition of letting someone suck him off. Instead, Hannibal grabbed his face in both hands. He slapped Will's pretty, flushed cheek and kissed his lips, sharing the taste of Will's release, licking it right into Will's mouth with a feral growl.

Will was dizzy with an overdose of pleasure, combined with this dream-come-true of actually being desired by the object of his totally inappropriate crush. He'd tried to conceal his growing infatuation, even from himself, but the failure and exposure in this surrender provided a highly unexpected resolution. A "resolution" to all that mounting angst and defeatist longing, but it also felt like a beginning and a rebirth.

What else could he make of this experience? It was hollowing him out, scraping him bare of sadness down to the bone and gluttonously feeding him back to life with pure ecstasy. Hannibal licked sloppily right across Will's slackly encouraging open mouth. Then he smirked again and Will felt the older man's huge cock twitch eagerly against his thigh, where he had left yet another stream of precum.

"Forgive me," Hannibal said without even a hint of actual regret. "I produce an unusually generous amount of pre-ejacu--"

"Shut up," Will demanded as Hannibal sank down between his thighs again, biting the backs of them as he lifted Will's legs up to rest over his strong shoulders. "I can't listen to you say *'pre-ejaculate'* when I'm this horny. Christ, you have me getting hard again, just say precum...*ahh!* Hann--"

Hannibal grinned mischievously and went back to licking Will's tight, virginal hole, beyond enamored to find that yet another part of his body was pure perfection. Will was a young god in human form, lovelier than even the most debauched artwork which Hannibal had sketched him into or dreamed to fuck him within the frame of. Such inadequate, classic beauty by comparison, every stunning creature of oil paint and canvas had been supplanted in his artistic heart.

Will's thoughts were not quite so poetic as he lost the power to articulate himself outside of raunchy moans and gasps. Hannibal could tell he had never been eaten out before, and the almost vice-tight squeeze of his transcendently untouched body made him sure he was also dealing with a virgin sacrificial offering.

He only needed a little more spit and his precum which was all over his hand anyway, since he'd been slowly jerking his cock while lavishing his tongue and lips all over Will's gradually relaxing entrance.

And then he could press a finger smoothly in to the knuckle. "Will, you're doing incredibly well," he breathed in a ragged and sharp moment of surprise. "So brave. And trusting..."

"Who else can I trust if not my own doctor?" Will was red in the face, playing with his own hard, highly aroused nipples. His toes curled and then dug into the older man's back when the finger pressed even deeper and found his prostate. "God, oh, God -- fucking -- I can't, I can't, Hannibal --"

"You can, sweet boy," Hannibal assured him, a gruff tone sabotaging the intended smoothness of the announcement.

Hannibal went on, "Because perhaps I'm the last person on earth you should trust. And I will make sure you take *everything* I have to give you. Trust me on only this: you will wake up quite late in the day tomorrow, grateful for the weekend and lack of work. Because you'll be aching head to toe and you won't remember passing out underneath me while I still moved savagely inside you. To the *hilt.* And when you wake up, I'll be hard again. Waiting for you."

Will didn't say anything else after that, didn't even raise a remark of curiosity or surprise when Hannibal slicked his cock with precum and saliva, never needing the tube of lubricant from Will's side table drawer…

Wait…

A distant part of his mind registered - confusedly - that he'd nearly used up the lube with how often he'd jerked off to Hannibal lately, fantasizing about THIS exact-- oh, GOD, he shivered and moaned, struggling to breathe through such pleasure --

And foggily realized he *wasn't* at his home with the depleted lubricant supplies; instead, he was here in Hannibal's bed, living out his craziest fantasies...he thought he must be in Hannibal's *dream*, and Hannibal was in his.

When they gave into temptation, the walls between their mind palaces collapsed into a pile of forgotten rubble. There were no boundaries between them now; such a thing was ultimately impossible. And even the dark forest of Will's grisly, forbidden, murderous visions opened out from the corridors of their joined consciousness.

Hannibal fucked him slowly open on three plunging, thick fingers, relentless, as his heavy cock throbbed against Will's thigh. Now that he had Will lying in regular missionary style, and the holy object of lust was a ragdoll incapable of speech aside from moans and whining, insistent and pathetic gasps –

The older man had the boy where he wanted him for the penetration that would divest Will of this special form of virginity that was only *Hannibal's* to taste, cherish and reward.

He wanted them looking deeply into each other's wide eyes as he slowly but firmly eased himself deeper inside Will's tight but welcoming, unspeakably ravishing body. They stared in hard, accusing envelopment at each other until Hannibal was balls deep and gasping, his forehead pressed to Will's. He pressed a fevered kiss of his own to Will's forehead, smelling the encephalitis with a twinge of fear alongside the automatic erotic thrall of that sweet sickliness. And knowing that tomorrow, he'd begin healing the very sickness he had been encouraging before, like a blind fool intent on sabotaging everything good he'd been given.

No longer capable of such denial, and euphoric in the absence of self-imposed chains, Hannibal was free with his unleashed desire, pounding Will into the bed with loud smacks of the frame against the wall and creaking, rhythmic thuds from the bottom of the bed as it rocked hard against the floor.

It was an expensive, sturdy bed, but no match for Hannibal once Will’s inexperienced body was used to him enough for the older man to stop being careful.

Will howled in shocked, tormented pleasure and bit Hannibal's shoulder to bleeding as the older man gripped him with more bruises on his low back, lifting Will to get deeper into his clenching heat. He grabbed Will's ass next, groping it as his thrusts began to unravel from steady, punishing insistence to stuttering, unhinged chaos.

"I'm gonna come," Will whispered in a fragile, broken way, clinging to Hannibal even though it was hard with his sweaty, shaking hands and legs losing grip. "Come with me."

The last thing Will remembered about this night was the powerful and unified wave of pleasure that crashed over them both when Hannibal gave him his first orgasm from only penetration and came inside him all at once. His shuddering hips spasmed against Will mercilessly as they bit at each other's lips, necks and shoulders, and Hannibal licked Will's nipples, moaning, reluctant to pull out of him. The overstimulating delight of Hannibal's continued shallow thrusts and savoring lips on his chest led right into a deep slumber, and Will had not slept this well in *months.* Maybe *years.*

In the early afternoon when he wakes up, Hannibal will be patiently waiting, tracing his bare shoulder blade with one finger and staring at his face. Will is going to see a sketchpad and charcoal pencil lower down on the rumpled sheets because Hannibal has drawn him several times in slumber. How strange and unbelievable this obsession is to Will. But Hannibal's body will prove to be true to his word, confirming his constant need to possess Will, and soon they become art in motion all over again.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

***

"what if" series playlist https://open.spotify.com/playlist/1o4VxY7u83cPboWjnIJRtX?si=619fde8ee92b4001

Find me on social media!
Tumblr: some-sick-deja-vu (hannigram sideblog), earthsickwithoutyou (main)
Twitter: @earthsickwoyou

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!